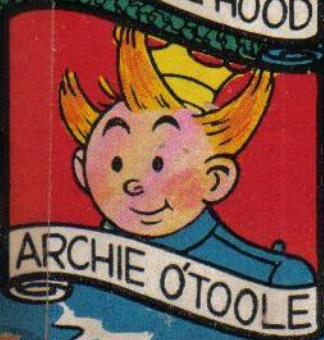
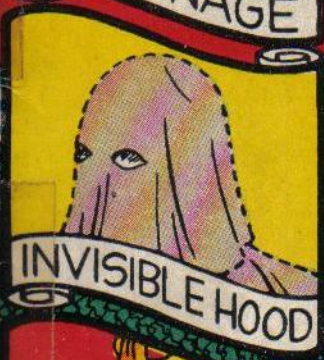


DECEMBER No. 5

10¢

SMASH COMICS



~ STARRING ~
HUGH HAZZARD
WITH **BOZO THE ROBOT**
CLIP CHANCE, PHILPOT VEER, CAPTAIN COOK,
JOHN LAW, CHIC CARTER, ABDUL THE ARAB...
AND MANY OTHERS



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

HERE'S HOW I MAKE EXTRA MONEY AT HOME



**YOU CAN DO THE
SAME THING**



Mail Coupon Today for Your Kit...25c

Hecker Products Corporation
Shoe Polish Division, Dept. SC-129
88 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send SHINOLA HOME SHINE KIT at once.
I am enclosing 25¢ (in currency). Polish should be
BLACK ☐, BROWN ☐. (Check which.)

Name _____
Street _____
City & State _____



GREATEST THRILL ON WHEELS!

PUSH-BUTTON RAILROADING



**What Is It? How Does It Work? What
New Train Thrills Does It Introduce?**

NOT IN 40 YEARS has Lionel streaked in with anything so electrifying as this! It's a world-beater for, worldwide, there's nothing like it! No room here, as you can see, to give you all the details—but, in a new, big, full-color catalog we've told the whole exciting story. So, right now, today, do this...

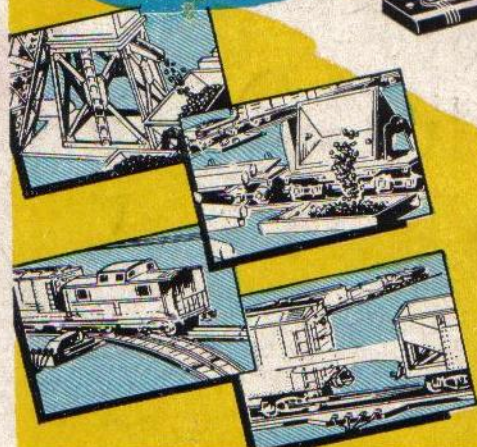
Get the Magic Story of "Push-Button Railroading"

Mail the coupon below—and back will come a copy of the 52-page, thrill-packed Lionel Catalog—lickety split!

The Lionel Corporation, Dept. AK
15 East 26th Street, New York, N.Y.

Please send me the new 1939 52-page, full-color Lionel Catalog. Enclosed is 10c (for postage and handling).

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____



**TELLS
ALL
ABOUT
IT!**



ESPIONAGE

STARRING



'BLACK ACE'

IN 1914 THE WORLD WAR TORE EUROPE ASUNDER, BUT STILL THE CLOSELY PACKED NATIONS SQUABBLE, THREATENING EACH OTHER, PARADING THEIR ARMIES AND PLANNING DESPERATE MOVES. ETHIOPIA, SAAR, CZECHO-SLOVAKIA, MUNICH, DANZIG. PEACE APPEARS HOPELESS. EUROPE IS AN ARMED CAMP, A POWDER KEG WAITING TO BE SET OFF!!



ALL OVER EUROPE EYES ARE TURNED SKYWARD. MOTHERS WEARING GRUESOME GAS MASKS HOLD THEIR FRIGHTENED CHILDREN CLOSER...



BUT STILL THE WAR LEADERS RANT, UNMINDFUL OF THE HORROR INTO WHICH THEY LEAD THEIR PEOPLE.....

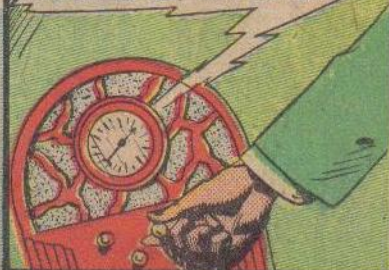


IN THE LIBRARY OF THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON, D.C. A RADIO BLARES FORTH THE NEWS.....

TONIGHT..RUMORS HAVE SPREAD LIKE WILD FIRE THAT TROOPS ARE MOVING IN THE EAST!



ALL HOPE OF PEACE IS GONE..EVERY EUROPEAN COUNTRY IS ON A WAR BASIS. FOR FURTHER DETAILS READ YOUR DAILY PAPERS..

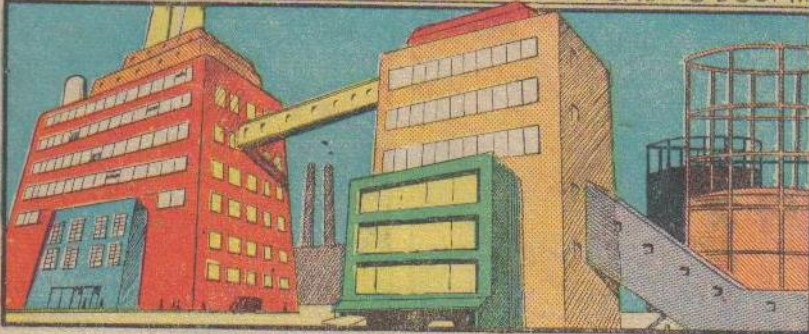


GENTLEMEN, WAR IN EUROPE IS CERTAIN! AMERICA MUST NOW TAKE NECESSARY STEPS!





WITH TYPICAL AMERICAN ENERGY, MUNITION FACTORIES BEGIN TO OPERATE FULL BLAST, PUSHING PRODUCTION TO CAPACITY, BLISSFULLY UNAWARE OF THE IMPENDING DOOM.

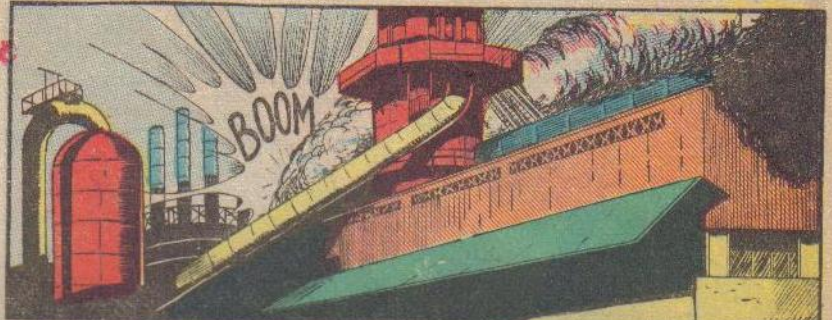


MEANWHILE, IN HIS HIDEOUT, Taneo makes his first move with care.



I HAVE PICKED YOU MEN BY YOUR RECORDS. IN AS MUCH AS YOU ARE ALL KILLERS, WELL STOP AT NOTHING!

NOW... OUR FIRST JOB IS THE BUFFALO ARMS PLANT-YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO?



LIKE THE OPENING GUN OF A BARRAGE, THE ARMS PLANT EXPLOSION HERALDS A REIGN OF SABOTAGE UNMATCHED BY ANY IN THE ANNALS OF UNITED STATES HISTORY.

WHEREVER IDLE MEN GATHER, Taneo's men foment revolt.



AND BEHIND ALL THIS, LIKE A PUPPETEER, SITS BASIL Taneo.



WELL, PICK'DID YOU COMPLETE THE JOB? YEAH, BOSS, NOW-HOW ABOUT THE PAY OFF?

SURE, HERE IT IS!

HEY, BOSS, WHAT'S THE IDEA?



JUST A PRECAUTION SO HE WON'T TALK!

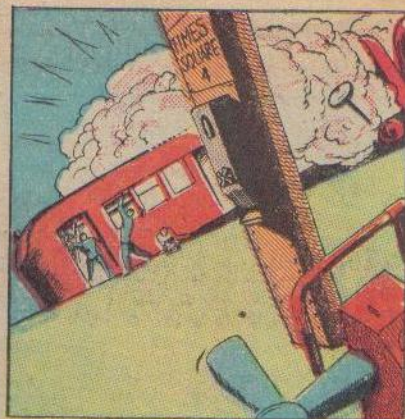
HEY-WAIT A MINIT! YOU CAN'T.



.. AND NEITHER WILL YOU!



UNMOLESTED Taneo continues his reign of terror...



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE INTERRUPT THE MUSIC OF PHIL HAY'S ORCHESTRA TO BRING YOU A SPECIAL BULLETIN... JACKSONVILLE, MISSOURI... ANOTHER MUNITIONS PLANT WAS BLOWN UP TODAY. THIS MAKES THE FOURTH IN TWO WEEKS. FOR FURTHER DETAILS...



SHUT THAT OFF, ACE!

THIS IS THE FOURTH TIME I'VE HEARD THAT REPORT TO DAY--IT'S...IT'S DANGNABIT--IT'S DISGUSTING!



I TELL YOU, BLACK ACE, WHILE WE SIT HERE CALMLY LIKE A COUPLE OF COMIC STRIP SLEUTHS, THIS GANG IS



DESTROYING OUR WHOLE REARMAMENT SYSTEM!!

ANY CLUES? ANYTHING TO GO ON?



THE LEADER OF THIS GANG HAS BEEN KILLING OFF HIS ASSISTANTS ONE BY ONE... AFTER EVERY EXPLOSION, WE FIND A WELL KNOWN GANGSTER DEAD IN SOME HOTEL, AND WE ALWAYS FIND EVIDENCE THAT CONNECTS HIM TO THESE EXPLOSIONS!



THEN THE HEAD OF THESE TERRORISTS MUST TRAVEL FROM HOTEL TO HOTEL... PLAN THE SABOTAGE, AND AFTER THE WORK IS DONE, KILLS HIS HENCHMEN!



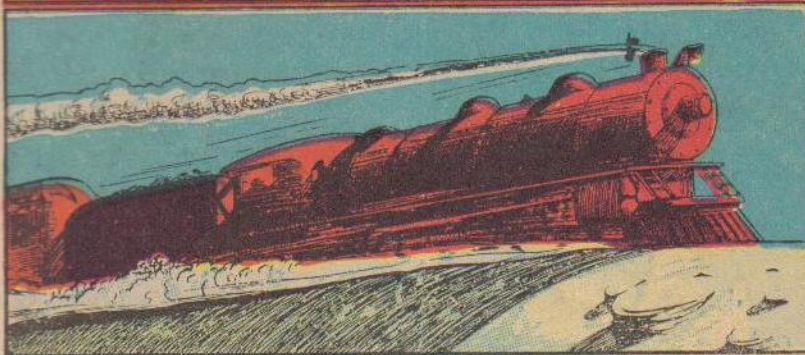
MAJOR, I'M GOING TO PLAY A WILD HUNCH. THE NEXT BIG "JOB" SHOULD BE THE CROSS-COUNTRY FLYER GOING BETWEEN NEW YORK AND 'FRISCO. GET ME A PASSAGE ON IT!



AND SEVERAL HOURS LATER, BLACK ACE'S SNAPPY PLANE SPEEDS HIM TO NEW YORK...



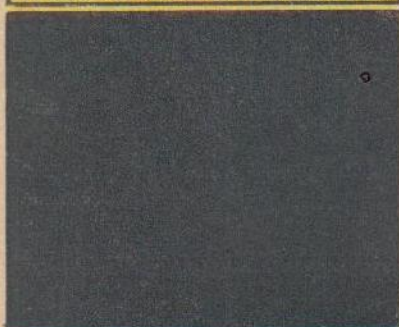
LIKE A PLUNGING TORPEDO, THE CROSS-COUNTRY FLYER SETS OUT ACROSS THE CONTINENT.



AS BLACK ACE AND HIS SERVANT BATU WATCH THE OTHER PASSENGERS...



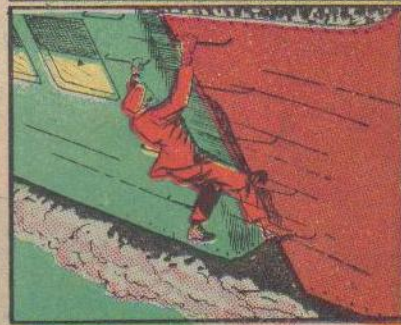
AS THE TRAIN ROARS INTO THE BLACKNESS OF THE TUNNEL, THERE IS A SLIGHT SCUFFLE...



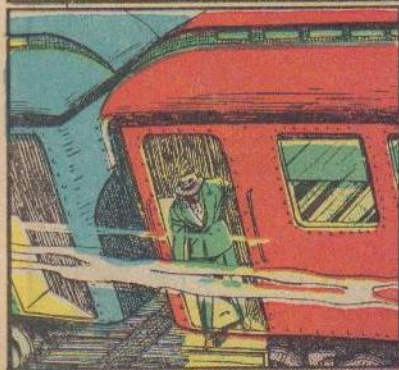
AND WHEN THE TRAIN EMERGES AN INSTANT LATER, WE FIND BLACK ACE SITTING NEXT TO Taneo...



MEANWHILE, BATU CLIMBS TO THE COAL CAR TO SEARCH FOR HIDDEN EXPLOSIVES...



AT GLOVILLE, Taneo CALMLY LEAVES THE TRAIN...



LEAVING BLACK ACE RATHER BAFLED

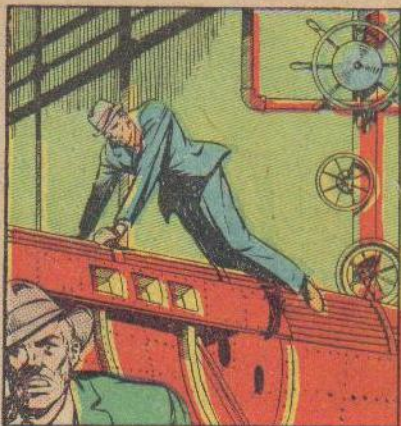


I'M SURE HE HID NOTHING UNDER THE SEAT... I WATCHED HIM EVERY MOMENT!

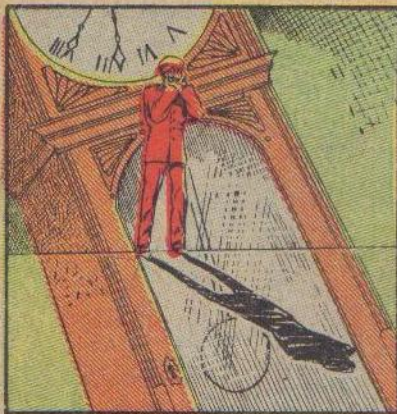




SUDDENLY, A MAN DARTS FROM THE ROOM--ACE GIVES CHASE



MINUTES PASS LIKE HOURS AS BATU CONCENTRATES ALL HIS OCCULT POWERS IN A MIGHTY EFFORT.....



AHH. AT LAST BOMB LIES IN PAINT ROOM. CAN SEE CLEAR PICTURE OF IT!!



HERE IT IS!



IT EXPLODES HARMLESSLY IN THE FACTORY'S YARD.....

BACK IN THE FACTORY, Taneo makes a desperate attempt to escape. Seizing a heavy pipe, he descends on Ace, who is off balance...

ACE BLOCKS IT WITH HIS ARM..

Taneo makes for the door.



A CRY OF PAIN ESCAPES HIM AS THE HEAVY PIPE CRUSHES HIS FOREARM.....



SUDDENLY, AT THE DOORWAY...

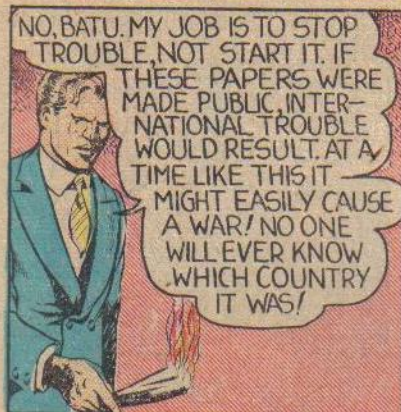
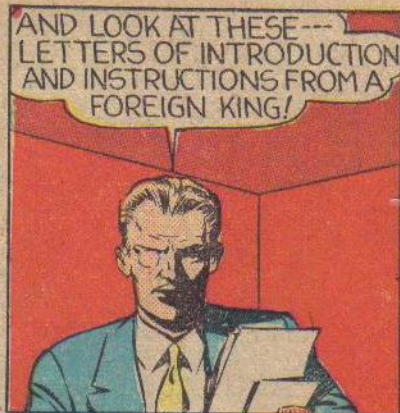


THE EAGLE IS SWIFTER THAN THE RAT!

A MOMENT LATER ACE COMES UP



BATU, YOUR METHODS ARE PRIMITIVE, BUT THEY GET RESULTS!



Follow Espionage with Black Ace in the January issue of SMASH COMICS.

Archie by BUD THOMAS O'TOOLE

GEE THINGS ARE TOUGH... AIN'T NO BANKS LEFT TO ROB!

CRIME AIN'T WHAT IT USED TO BE! PROHIBITION IS ABOLISHED. NOBODY PLAYS THE SLOT MACHINES...CHEE!

YEAH, CRIME SURE DON'T PAY NOW-A-DAYS... THEY EVEN HAVE A "DEPRESSHUN" IN CRIME!

PAWN TICKET

"KILLER" THE MOB SEZ THEY IS GOIN' TO QUIT THE GANG, UNLESS YA CAN GIVE 'EM SOME WORK!

PLEASE, BOYS, DON'T LEAVE ME... I'LL GET SOME 'JOBS' FOR YA SOON-

BALONEY! I GOT A WIFE TO SUPPORT!

BOO-HOO-HOO- LEFT IN THE LURCH BY BOYS I KNEW IN REFORM SCHOOL... OH CRUEL, CRUEL WOILD!

DON'T CRY, BOSS I'M WITCHA TO THE END.

LET'S TRY ANOTHER COUNTRY... MAYBE WE C'N MUSCLE IN ON A RACKET

(SNIF) MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT, HERCULES-

HERE!

HOME SWEET HOME

NOW, DE FOIST TING T'DO IS FIND A COUNTRY-

GIT A LITTLE ONE!

HOW ABOUT ENGLAND?

NAW- I GOT AN UNCLE IN JAIL THERE!

I GOT ONE-- PYROMANIA!

PYROMANIA? NEVER HEARD OF IT!

IT'S A TINY COUNTRY... KING ARCHIE O'TOOLE IS AN EASY GOIN' GUY... DIS OUGHTA BE A PUSHOVER!

HEY, CAP... I SEE THAT KILLER CASEY HAS LEFT TOWN.

HOT DAWG!

POLICE

BOY! WHAT A RELIEF! I GUESS WE MIGHT AS WELL HANG UP OUR GUNS!

POLICE DEPT.

CLOSED FOR THE SUMMER

AND ON THE HIGH SEAS GOING TO PYROMANIA.

AHHHHHH--- SWEET ESSENCE OF SALT WATER!! AS ME LUNGS EXPAND WID JOY, I AM INSPIRED TO DO GREAT THINGS!

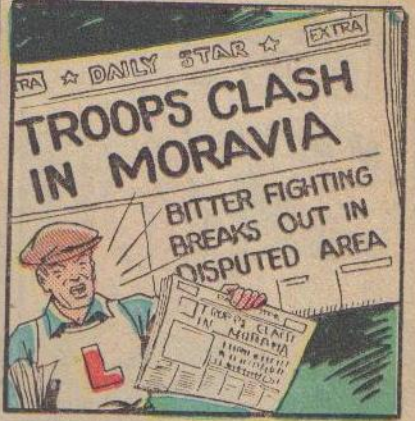


Archie O'Toole appears each month in SMASH COMICS.

Chic CARTER

ACE REPORTER

by VERNON
HENKEL



NEW YORK - THE OFFICE OF
THE "DAILY STAR"

CARTER! GET TO
MORAVIA AS FAST
AS YOU CAN! -
COVER EVERYTHING!



A FAST TRAIN ROARS THROUGH
THE ARLBOURG PASS, BOUND FOR
THE LITTLE KINGDOM OF MORAVIA.

GUNS! SOLDIERS!
-THIS DOES LOOK
BAD!!



THE LAST TRAIN TO
BRENNBURG IS DUE IN
10 MINUTES - STOP IT!
-THE PASS IS CLOSED
FROM NOW ON!



YOUR PAPERS
PLEASE!



IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE TRAIN'S
ARRIVAL, A GROUP OF OFFICERS
SURROUND CHIC CARTER.

A REPORTER, EH?
YOUR PAPERS ARE IN
ORDER, BUT BE CAREFUL
WHAT YOU ATTEMPT
TO DISPATCH!



DARKNESS! SILENCE!
-THIS PLACE IS LIKE
A GRAVEYARD!

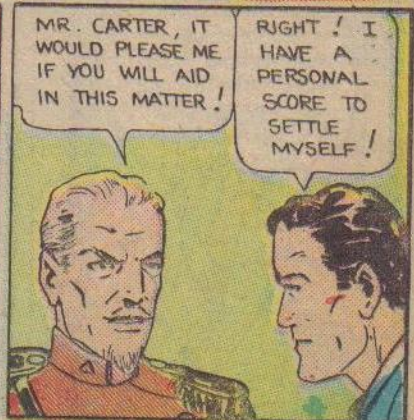


HALT!
WHO'S
THERE?



BEFORE CHIC CAN ANSWER, A
VOLLEY OF SHOTS CUT THE
GUARD DOWN!!...







THIS OFFICER'S UNIFORM
WILL ADMIT YOU TO THE
GRAND BALL TONIGHT -
BORIS WILL BE THERE !



IT WOULD BE
BETTER IF THE
PEOPLE WOULD
NOT KNOW OF
YOUR DAUGHTER'S
DISAPPEARANCE !

I WILL
INFORM
MY GUESTS
THAT SHE
IS ILL !



LATER : AT THE OFFICER'S BALL

HIS LORDSHIP,
DUKE BORIS !



I THINK HE'S
THE MAN !



BUT, WHERE IS THE
MOST BEAUTIFUL JEWEL
OF ALL MORAVIA --
THE PRINCESS MARIA ?



SHE IS
ILL !

OH ! NOTHING
SERIOUS I
TRUST !



IT'S STRANGE,
BUT I'VE NEVER
SEEN YOU ABOUT
THE PALACE
BEFORE !

THAT'S
EASILY
EXPLAINED--
I'VE NEVER
BEEN HERE
BEFORE !



SUDDENLY, THE DANCE IS
DISRUPTED BY THE APPEARANCE
OF A RAGGED LOOKING PEASANT.

RELEASE ME, YOU
FOOLS ! I HAVE
A MESSAGE FOR
THE KING !



YER TO GIVE UP
THE THRONE IF YOU
EVER WANT TO SEE
YOUR DAUGHTER
ALIVE AGAIN !



ABDICATE !?!
NEVER !! NOT
EVEN FOR THE
SAFETY OF MY
OWN DAUGHTER !



HAVEN'T WE MET
SOMEWHERE BEFORE ?
- PERHAPS THE PALACE
GROUNDS - AT MIDNIGHT ?



Another exciting adventure of Chic Carter in the January issue of SMASH COMICS.

SMALL STUFF

by
Devlin

DID YOU
HEAR THE
NEWS, CUTHBERT?—
THEY'RE BUILDING
A GAS HOUSE
AROUND THE
CORNER --

GOODNETH—
NOW WE
CAN BE
TOUGH
GUYTH!



I PROMISED
T'KNOCK MICKEY'S
BLOCK OFF HERE
AT FOUR O'CLOCK—
I HOPE NOTHIN'S
HAPPENED
TO HIM!



GOLLY,
POP—
LOOKA
TH'
BIG
DOGS!

PET SH



JUNIOR—
STOP PULLING
MOTHER
AROUND!



JIMMIE, HERE'S
YOUR INVITATION
TO MY PICNIC THIS
AFTERNOON—
I ALMOST
F'GOT TO GIVE IT
T'YOU—

YOU'RE
TOO LATE—
I PRAYED
FOR
RAIN!



MAYBE
THAT GUY
WILL DIG
US UP
SOME
WORMS!!



Order the January issue of SMASH COMICS from your regular newsdealer now.

The Mystery Mile!

JOHN LAW

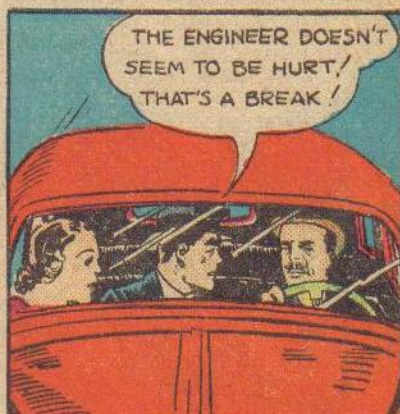
Scientective

BUT, LAW—IT'S IMPOSSIBLE FOR A TRAIN TO JUST LEAVE THE RAILS!

THE AVENGER SPECIALIZES IN THE IMPOSSIBLE, MR. KARR!

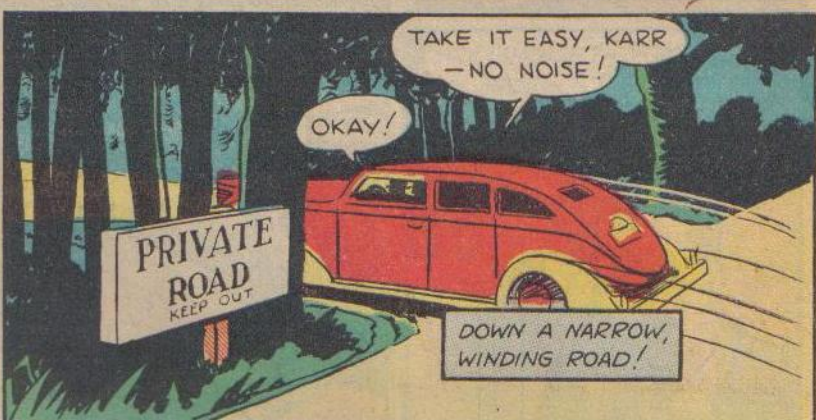
LAW, A BRILLIANT SCIENTIST, LAWYER & CRIMINOLOGIST, IS KNOWN AS 'THE SCIENTECTIVE'. WITH HIS SELF-APPOINTED ASSISTANT, JUNE CARTER, HE HAS TWICE THWARTED A VICIOUS SUPER-CRIMINAL, KNOWN AS 'THE AVENGER'—WHO IS PLOTTING THE RUIN OF 13 WEALTHY MEN. PRESIDENT KARR, OF THE B, L & Q RAILROAD, ONE OF THE THREATENED GROUP, HAS HIRED LAW TO INVESTIGATE A SERIES OF WRECKS ON A SECTION OF HIS RAILROAD, NOW KNOWN AS 'THE MYSTERY MILE'.....

HARRY FRANCIS CAMPBELL



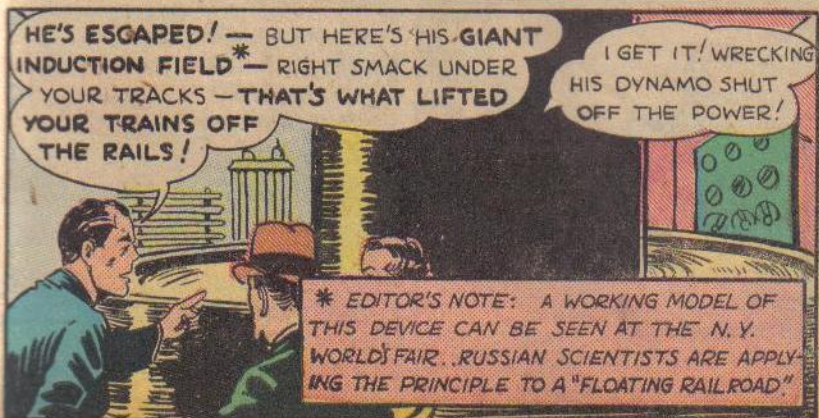
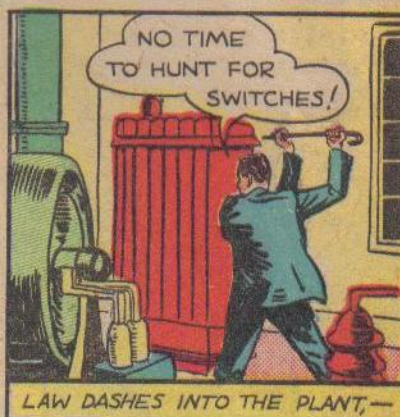
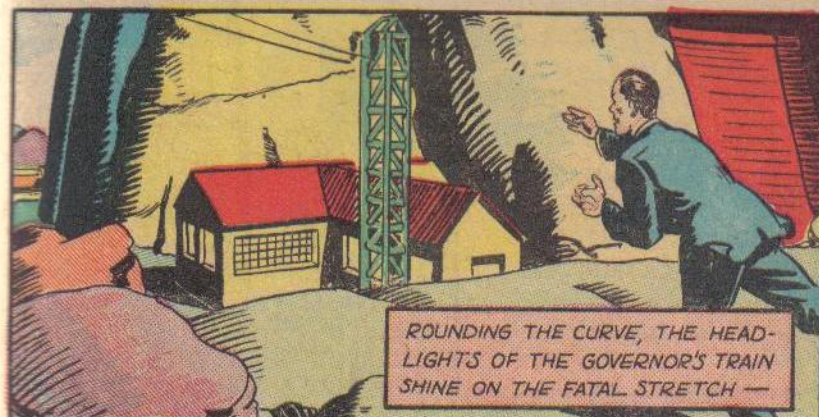












SPORT TRAILS



LARRY
KELLEY

YALE CAPTAIN AND
ALL-AMERICAN END...
WHO WAS PICKED
AS THE OUTSTANDING
FOOTBALL PLAYER
FOR 1936..

NOW WATCH
OUT FOR
HIM, COACH.

BUT WHO'LL WATCH
OUT FOR MY TEAM?



WHEN LARRY FIRST WENT
OUT FOR FOOTBALL HE
HAD TO PROMISE HIS
MOTHER THAT HE WOULD
GET NINETY IN HIS
STUDIES BEFORE SHE
WOULD LET HIM PLAY!

HIS 'SPEED IN GETTING UNDER
A PASS, AND HIS ABILITY
TO EVADE TACKLERS CAN BE
ATTRIBUTED TO THE
FACT THAT WHILE IN HIGH
SCHOOL, LARRY WAS ON
THE TRACK TEAM
AND WON THE 220 YD.
HURDLES-AND SET
THE SCHOOL RECORD FOR
THE HIGH JUMP...



YOU'LL HAVE TO STOP USING
BIG WORDS IN THE HUDDLE,
LARRY, YOU'RE CONFUSING THE
BOYS WHO DIDN'T
GET A
SCHOLARSHIP!



LARRY RECEIVED A
SCHOLARSHIP TO YALE
BECAUSE OF HIS HIGH MARKS!

THIS MAY LOOK
SILLY BUT IT'S
THE RIGHT
WAY!



MARK SALINGER, A SAILOR
FRIEND OF KELLEY'S, WHO
PLAYED FOOTBALL WITH THE
PACIFIC FLEET LEAGUE, WAS
THE ONE WHO TAUGHT
LARRY THE REAL KNACK FOR
CATCHING PASSES. HIS ADVICE
WAS TO KEEP THE ARMS LOOSE.

GILL
FOX

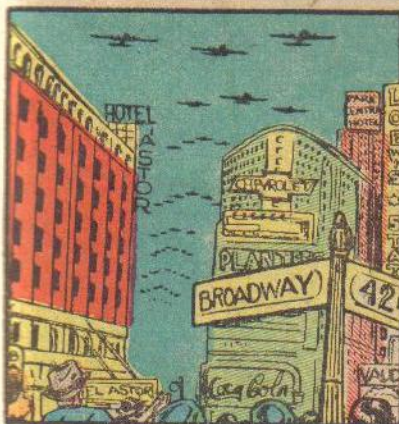


WINGS WENDALL

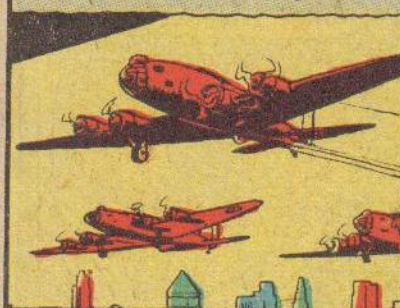
OF THE MILITARY INTELLIGENCE

by VERNON HENKEL

WINGS OVER NEW YORK!!
EUROPEAN DEVELOPMENTS CAUSE
THE UNITED STATES TO ENGAGE
IN GIGANTIC AIR MANEUVERS ...



AS THE NATION'S NEWEST AND
DEADLIEST PLANES ROAR OVER
MANHATTAN A MILLION EYES TURN
SKYWARD TO WATCH THE SPECTACLE



AH! THE BX-9 BOMBERS
ARE COMING! GET THAT
CAMERA READY!



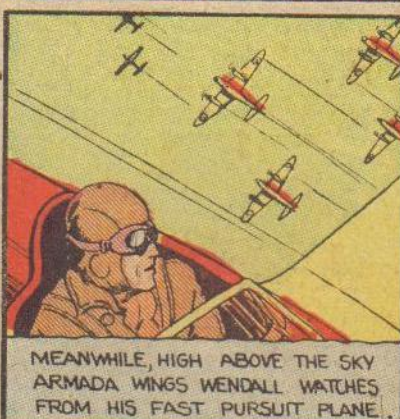
O.K. BOSS, I
KNOW WHAT
I'M DOIN'!

- BUT NOT ALL OF THEM
ARE FRIENDLY EYES ...



A BEAUTY! THIS
OUGHTA BE WORTH
PLENTY!

IF THAT
FOOL IN THE
CAMERA SHIP
ONLY DOES
AS WELL!



MEANWHILE, HIGH ABOVE THE SKY
ARMADA WINGS WENDALL WATCHES
FROM HIS FAST PURSUIT PLANE.



THAT'S FUNNY! THE
WAR DEPARTMENT GAVE
STRICT ORDERS TO KEEP
THE CAMERA PLANES
AWAY FROM THE BX-9'S!



HEY! HAUL THAT
CAMERA IN - THAT
SHIP IS COMIN'
AT US FAST!



SOMETHING'S WRONG!
WHY ARE THEY
RUNNING AWAY?

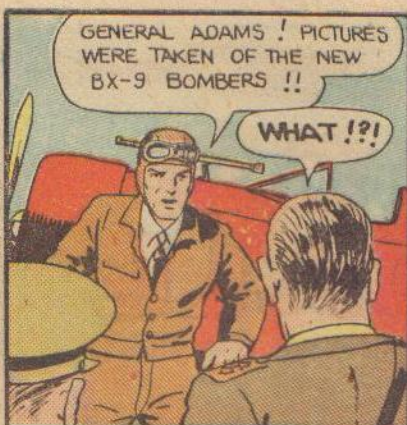
THE CAMERA SHIP ZOOMS OFF
TO AVOID WINGS WENDALL...



"UNITED NEWSREEL CO."
-- I NEVER HEARD OF
THEM BEFORE!! I
BETTER INVESTIGATE!



HAVING LOST THE TRAIL OF THE CAMERA PLANE, WINGS LANDS AT MITCHEL FIELD ...



GENERAL ADAMS ! PICTURES WERE TAKEN OF THE NEW BX-9 BOMBERS !!

WHAT !?!



CAPTAIN WENDALL, YOU WERE UP THERE TO PREVENT SUCH THINGS ! WHY DIDN'T YOU ?



IT WAS A HIGH-SPEED PLANE, SIR, I LOST IT IN THE DUSK !



CAPTAIN WENDALL, I LOOKED UP COMMERCIAL AIRPLANE LISTINGS - THERE IS NO UNITED NEWSREEL COMPANY !

I THOUGHT SO !



IN A DISMAL WAREHOUSE IN THE LOWER EAST SIDE !

GOOD WORK TODAY ! THE REAL MANEUVERS START TOMORROW - BE READY !

O.K. CHIEF !



WE WILL FORM SECTION "B" OF THE DEFENSIVE WING . WE DEFEND THE CITY FROM NIGHT ATTACK !



REMEMBER, WINGS, WE DON'T WANT ANY MORE PICTURES TAKEN ! IT'S YOUR JOB TO STOP IT !

RIGHT !



AS THE FIRST SHADOWS OF NIGHT DARKEN THE FIELD THE FLIGHT TAKES OFF ...



FLIGHT AFTER FLIGHT JOINS IN THE MOCK "DEFENSE" OF NEW YORK UNTIL THEY COVER THE CITY.



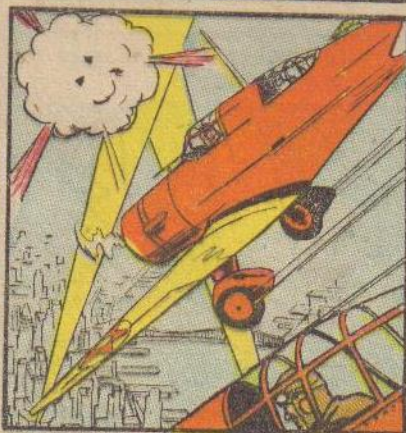
THEY COULDN'T GET ME IN THE DAYTIME SO IT OUGHTA BE EASY TONIGHT !

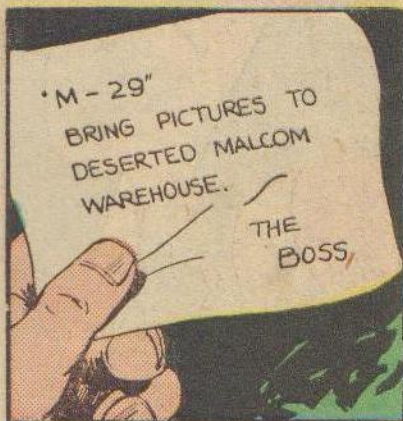
AND AGAIN THE STRANGE CAMERA PLANE IS READY TO TAKE OFF...

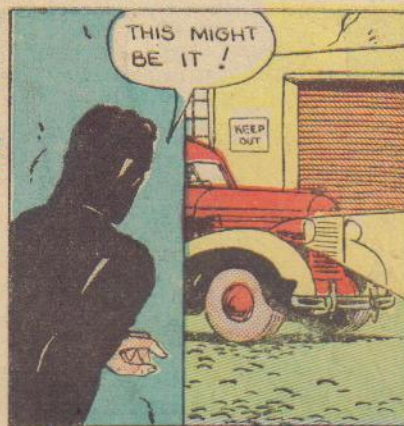


OUR BEST BET WOULD BE TO COME IN WITH THE ATTACKING FORCE !

THIS TIME WE'LL GET SOME REAL PICTURES !











HURRY UP !
GET 'IM IN
THE BOAT !



THEY'RE GETTING
AWAY - NOTIFY
THE RIVER
PATROL !



OWWWW ! -- MY
HEAD !!

WINGS
REGAINS
CONSCIOUS-
NESS !



WITH SCREAMING SIREN THE
RIVER PATROL TAKES UP THE CHASE.



THE
PATROL !



OK. ! YOU CAUSED
ENOUGH TROUBLE --
HERE'S WHERE YOU
GET YOURS !!



NOT YET,
BROTHER !



WENDALL DUCKS THE SHOT AND
GRAPPLES WITH THE "BOSS".



WITH NO ONE AT THE WHEEL
THE POWER BOAT CRASHES
INTO A DOCK



THE POLICE FISHED
THE "BOSS" OUT OF
THE RIVER -- THE
OTHER TWO WERE
KILLED IN THE
CRASH !

LATER : AT THE ARMY HOSPITAL -



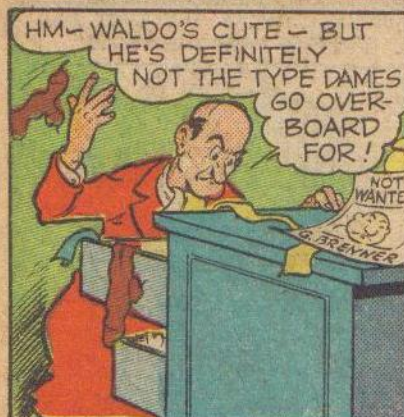
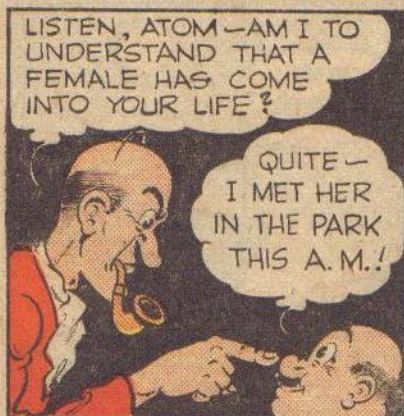
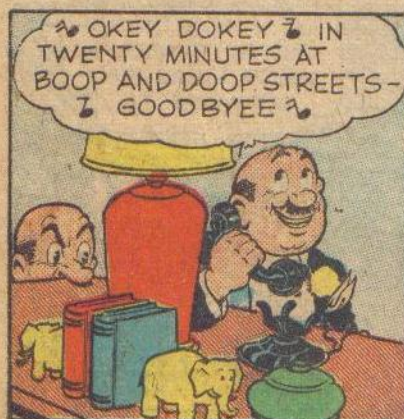
THE MANEUVERS ARE
OVER ... THOSE SPIES ARE
DONE AND I GUESS I'LL
JUST HAVE TO TAKE
IT EASY FOR AWHILE !

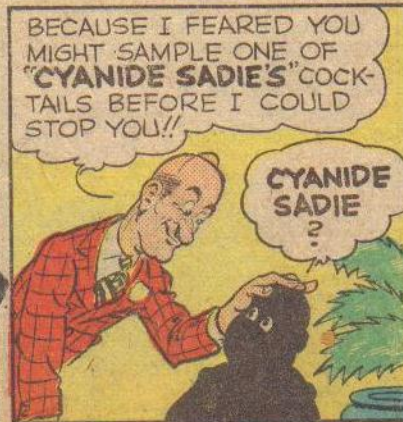
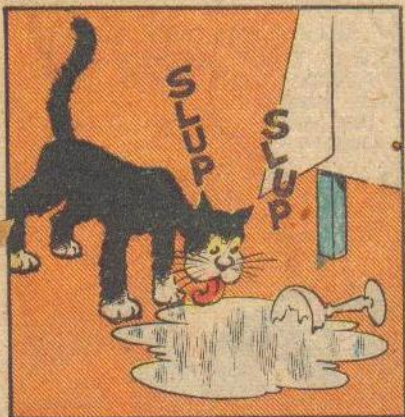
VERNON
HENKEL

Another exciting episode of Wings Wendall in the January issue of SMASH COMICS.

Philpot Veep

in the
ADVENTURE
OF THE
DEVASTATING DAMSEL





Follow Philpot Veep and Waldo each month in SMASH COMICS.

CLIP CHANCE AT CLIFFSIDE

by
SCOTT
SHERIDAN.

POKE AND SLIM, TWO GAMBLERS,
ARE WAITING TO GET CLIP, BECAUSE HE
UPSET THEIR PLANS BY WINNING THE
GAME AGAINST CODY---

- AN' ANOTHER THING,
POKE - IF I KNOCK
CHANCE OFF, WE CAN
WIN BACK THE DOUGH
WE LOST ON THE
CODY GAME -



--WITHOUT HIM PLAYIN',
HALL COLLEGE WILL
MOP THE FIELD UP
WITH THIS CLIFFSIDE
BUNCH-



HERE HE COMES NOW-
BE READY
TO SCRAM--!



WAIT!!--

HE'S
WITH
SOMEONE-!

SO WHAT!!-
I'LL BUMP
HIM OFF
TOO--!



DON'T BE A FOOL-
YA CAN'T KNOCK OFF THE
WHOLE COLLEGE, JUST TO
GET CHANCE --THERE'S OTHER
WAYS OF DOIN' IT- C'MON-
LET'S GET OUTA HERE!



YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE
LET THAT CROOK GET
AWAY THAT TIME, CLIP-
HE MIGHT
DO YOU
HARM-

DON'T
WORRY
ABOUT
HIM,
SPUD-!



- WHEN I HIT HIM, HE
GOT UP AND RAN SO
FAST, I COULDN'T
SEE HIM
FOR
DUST-!



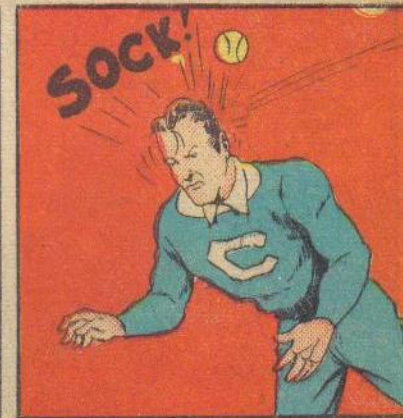
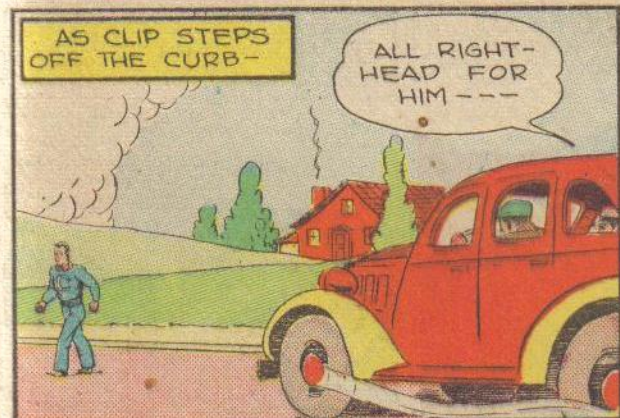
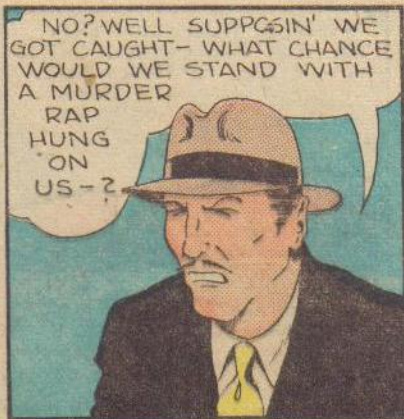
WELL, I'D
FEEL BETTER
IF I KNEW
HE WAS IN
JAIL OR
SOMETHING-

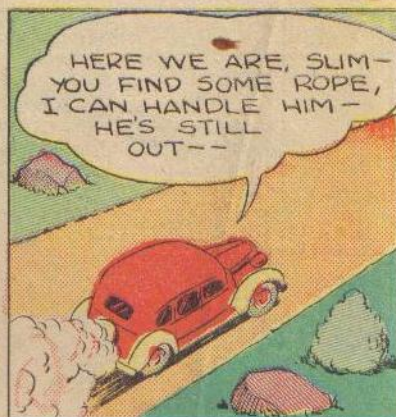
STOP
WORRYING-



WE'VE GOT THE HALL
GAME TO THINK OF AND
THEY'RE NOT GOING
TO BE PUSHOVERS --!







CLIP IS BOUND AND HELD PRISONER---



LATER,
CLIP
SLOWLY
REGAINS
CONSCIOUS-
NESS



CLIP FEIGNS GROGGYNESS, TO THROW SLIM OFF HIS GUARD ---



MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE CLIFFSIDE STADIUM--



AND
BACK
IN
THE
SHACK,
CLIP
WORKS
AT
HIS
BONDS--

AH-- THEY'RE
CUT--

W-WHAT TH'!!

THIS TIME YOU
WON'T GET AWAY--

NOW,
WHERE'S
THE
OTHER
FELLOW?

HE'S AT THE
GAME-- I'M
TO MEET HIM
IN SECTION
THREE, SEAT
FIVE-- WHAT
ARE YOU GONNA
DO?

I'LL SEND THE POLICE
OUT HERE TO RELEASE
YOU-- OH, YES-- IF I MISS
THIS GAME, I'LL GET OUT
HERE BEFORE THE
POLICE AND
GIVE YOU
THE BEATING
OF YOUR
LIFE--

A HALF HOUR LATER, CLIP
COMES ON THE FIELD, READY
FOR ACTION--

CLIP!--

COACH-- HAVE
A COP ARREST
THE MAN IN
SECTION THREE,
SEAT FIVE--

OKAY-- CLIP, WE'RE
LOSING, 7 TO 3-- THERE'S
ONLY A MINUTE TO GO,
GET IN THERE AND MAKE
IT COUNT--

I'LL
TRY--

CLIP TAKES A LONG PASS--

AND STARTS DOWN THE
FIELD BEHIND HIS INTER-
FERENCE--

AIDED BY PERFECT BLOCK-
ING, CLIP CROSSES THE
GOAL LINE AS THE WHISTLE
BLOWS, AND CLIFFSIDE
WINS-- 9 TO 7--

GREAT
GOING,
CLIP--

GOSH, COACH--
I THOUGHT
I'D NEVER
MAKE IT--

DID
YOU GET
THAT
GUY IN
SECTION
THREE?

YES, AND THEY
WON'T BOTHER
YOU ANY MORE--
HE AND HIS
PAL ARE IN
JAIL--

INVISIBLE JUSTICE

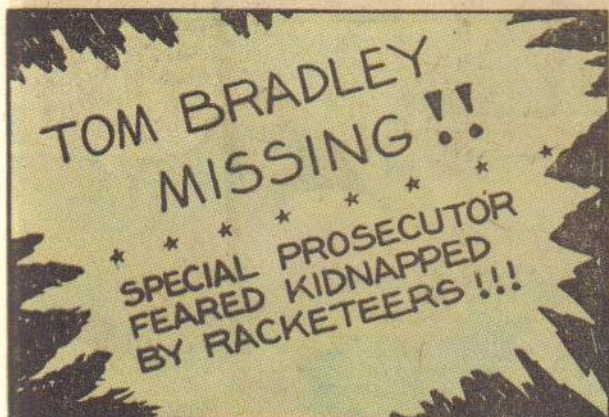
by ART GORDON

EX-TRAA-!!
READ
ALL ABOUT
IT!

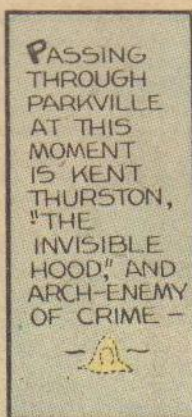


GREAT EXCITEMENT HAS BROKEN OUT IN THE FAST-GROWING CITY OF PARKVILLE!

TOM BRADLEY
MISSING!!
SPECIAL PROSECUTOR
FEARED KIDNAPPED
BY RACKETEERS!!!



PASSING
THROUGH
PARKVILLE
AT THIS
MOMENT
IS KENT
THURSTON,
"THE
INVISIBLE
HOOD," AND
ARCH-ENEMY
OF CRIME -



AN EXTRA, EH??
GUESS I'LL BUY
ONE AND SEE
WHAT IT'S
ALL ABOUT!!



HMM - ACCORDING TO THIS,
THE TOWN'S OVERRUN WITH
RACKETEERS AND THE LOCAL
AUTHORITIES HAVE
DONE NOTHING
ABOUT IT!!



THURSTON PARKS HIS CAR
AT A STREET CORNER AND
THEN BUYS A NEWSPAPER.

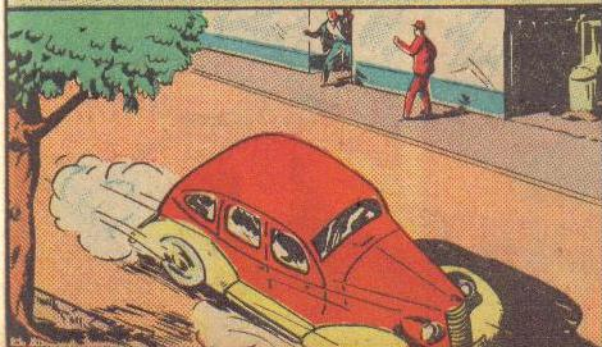
AND NOW WITH BRADLEY OUT
OF THE WAY THINGS WILL
GET WORSE - SOMEONE HAS
THE WHOLE TOWN IN HIS
GRASP - THIS IS STRICTLY
A CASE FOR THE INVISIBLE
HOOD!!



-IT SEEMS BRADLEY IS IN
LINE FOR THE GOVERNORSHIP
TOO -- WELL! LET'S SEE --
WHERE DO WE BEGIN ???



SUDDENLY, A CAR COMES TEARING DOWN
THE STREET AT FULL SPEED ---



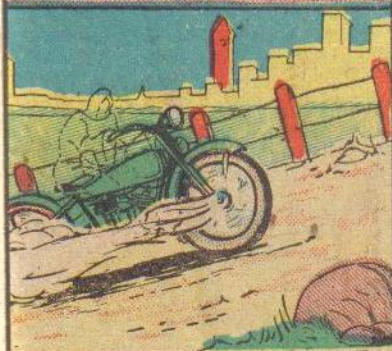
---AND AS IT PASSES A LARGE STORE!

NICE THROWIN', MIKE -
MAYBE THEY CAN USE
THAT PINEAPPLE IN
THEIR FRUIT STORE -
HA-HA ---!!





THE 'HOOD' TAKES TO THE RIVER ROAD AT TOP SPEED.



A SHORT TIME LATER HE FINDS HIMSELF ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY-



HEY--! THERE THEY GO-- THIS TIME I WON'T GET SO NEAR THEM THOUGH!

THE GANG CAR TURNS IN AT A DRIVEWAY AND STOPS BEFORE AN OLD MANSION.



HERE WE ARE, BOYS-- I'D BETTER TELL TH' BOSS WHAT HAPPENED!!

DOWN THE ROAD, THE INVISIBLE HOOD HIDES THE MOTORCYCLE AND WALKS THE REST OF THE WAY TO THE HOUSE.



THIS ESTATE IS THE ONLY ONE AROUND HERE FOR MILES! I MUST BE ON THE RIGHT TRACK!!

AT A REAR WINDOW, THE HOOD LOOKS INTO THE LIBRARY--



AH--TWO MEN-- AND I'VE SEEN THE PICTURE OF THE YOUNG ONE IN THE NEWSPAPER! IT'S THE MISSING **TOM BRADLEY!**

OHH--MY HEAD-- WHERE AM I?? HAVE I BEEN ASLEEP??



SORT OF, BRADLEY--YOU HAVE JUST COME OUT OF A HYPNOTIC SPELL I PUT YOU IN AT YOUR OFFICE YESTERDAY!! MY MEN HAVE BROUGHT YOU HERE!!

CLEVER TRICK, DOCTOR GRAYSON--SO YOU'RE BEHIND ALL THESE RACKETS, EH?? WHY--I COULD--!!



TUT-TUT--BRADLEY-- CALM YOURSELF-- MY MEN ARE AT EVERY DOOR-- JUST RELAX!!



YES, I'M BEHIND THESE RACKETS, AND THEY'VE MADE ME RICH! PEOPLE KNOW ME AS DOCTOR GRAYSON BUT LOOK AT ME CLOSELY, BRADLEY-- STUDY MY FEATURES--



DON'T YOU KNOW ME?

YOU LOOK LIKE THE DEVIL HIMSELF---NO--WAIT--

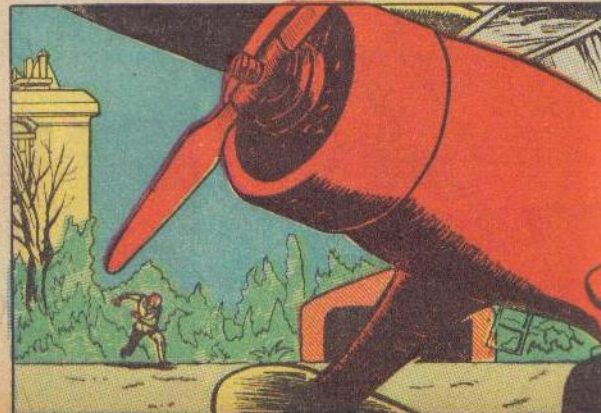
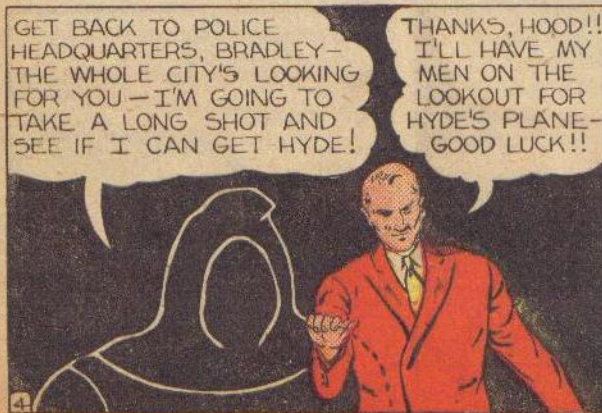
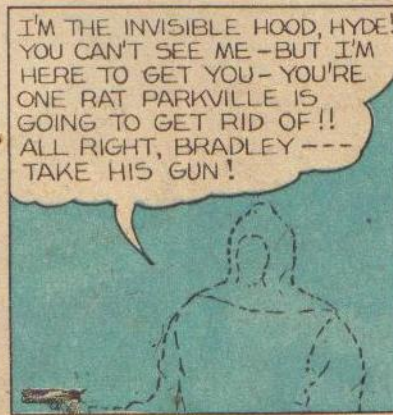
I KNOW--I-IT'S---

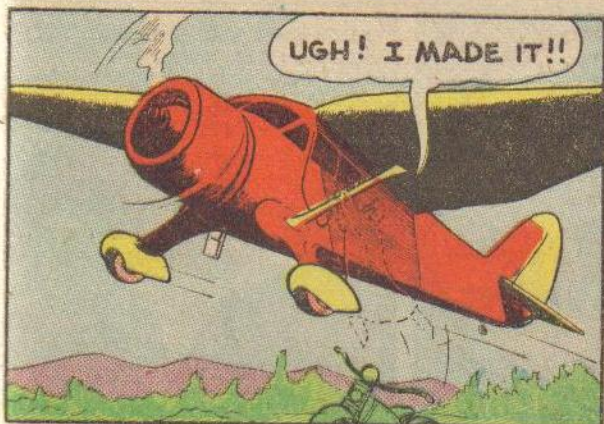
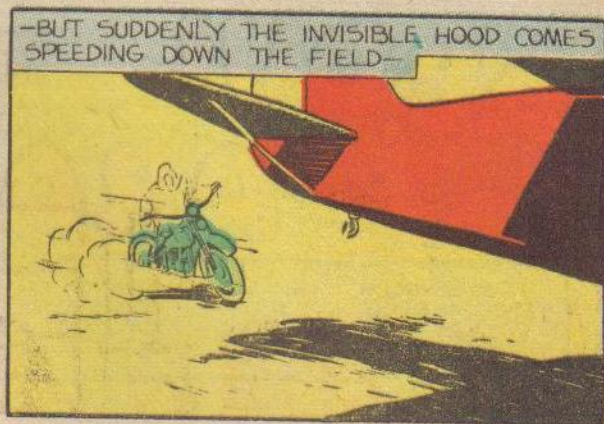


SUDDENLY, BRADLEY LEAPS AT GRAYSON--



SO, YOU'RE DISGUISED EH??



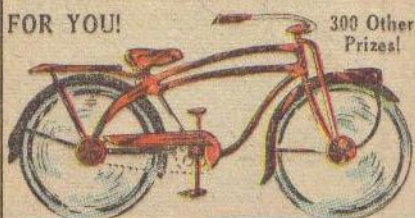


INTERESTING PEOPLE

STREAMLINED BIKE

FOR YOU!

300 Other Prizes!



WHE-E-E! There you go—on a flashy streamlined bike all your own! Yes, sir! You can have a super deluxe bicycle, fully equipped, or any of 300 other big prizes, including a watch, printing press, movie machine, and athletic equipment. You don't have to buy them, either. All you do is deliver our fine magazines to customers whom you obtain in your neighborhood. That's the way to earn the prizes you want—and **MAKE MONEY**, too. Start at once. Many boys earn a prize such as a Boeing model airplane or a compo-pearl knife the first day. Mail the coupon now.



Mr. Jim Thayer, Dept. 901
The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co.
Springfield, Ohio

Dear Jim: Start me earning PRIZES and making MONEY at once. Send me your 32 page Prize Book.

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

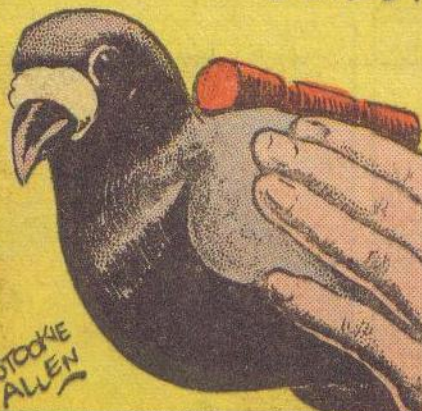
MAIL
COUPON
TODAY



WHEN THE PHOTOGRAPHERS
MEET INCOMING SHIPS THE
PICTURES OF NOTABLES ARE
FLOWN BACK TO THE PAPER
BY PETE'S PIGEONS—

Pete Biagi

PETE KEEPS
A COOP FULL
OF CARRIER
PIGEONS ON THE
ROOF OF A NEW YORK
NEWSPAPER
BUILDING—



← NOTICE PACK
ON PIGEON'S BACK
FOR CARRYING
FILM.



STOCKIE
ALLEN

Buy SMASH COMICS each month at your regular newsstand.

ABDUL THE ARAB

SERGEANTS GREGG AND ADAMS OF THE BRITISH DESERT PATROL WERE SENT OUT TO POLICE THE DESERT OF KHAR, AND ARE NOW ON THEIR WAY BACK TO HEADQUARTERS----

I SAY, ADAMS - WE'VE BEEN LUCKY NOT TO HAVE RUN INTO ANY TROUBLE ON THIS TRIP -

YES, GREGG -



LET ME HAVE THE TELESCOPE -

HERE -



I THINK WE SPOKE TOO SOON, OLD MAN -- I SPOTTED AN ABANDONED CAR IN THE DISTANCE - LET'S GO --



IT'S AS I FEARED -- TOURISTS ATTACKED BY ARABS - DID YOU FIND ANYTHING?

NOTHING BUT FOOT-PRINTS THAT SHOW SIGNS OF A STRUGGLE -



COME ON -- LET'S GET BACK TO THE POST --



AT HEADQUARTERS----

SERGEANT, YOUR REPORT IS THE SAME AS THE OTHER MEN WHO HAVE COME IN FROM PATROL DUTY --



IT'S VERY STRANGE, THIS WAVE OF ATTACKS - THE MEN I HAVE SENT OUT TO WORK ON THESE CASES COME BACK WITH VERY LITTLE TO WORK ON, SO WE MUST RESORT TO SOMETHING ELSE --

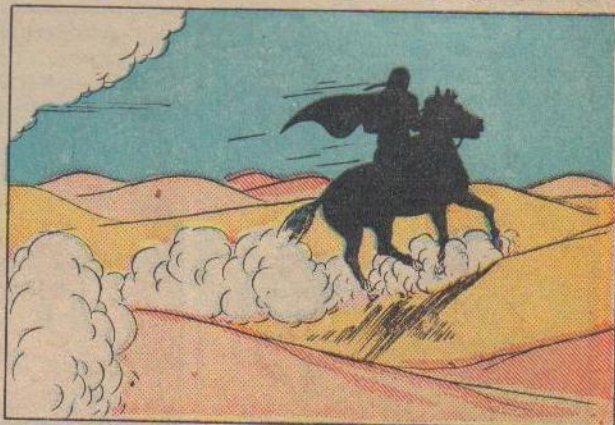


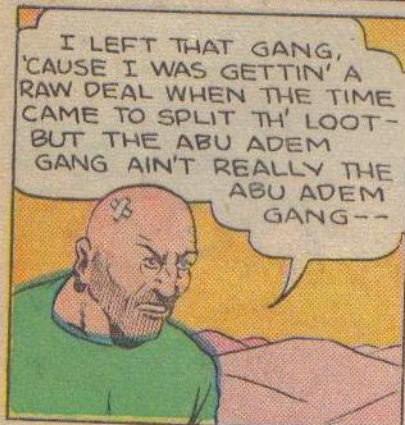
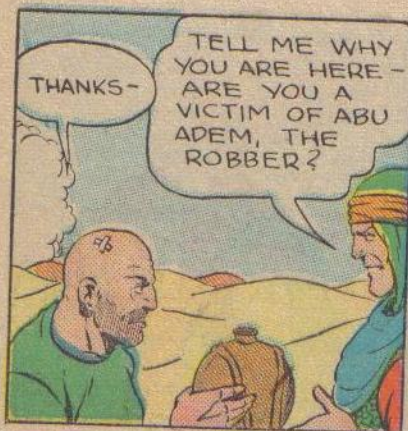
HAVE THIS MESSAGE DELIVERED TO ABDUL, SON OF ALI BEY, IMMEDIATELY -

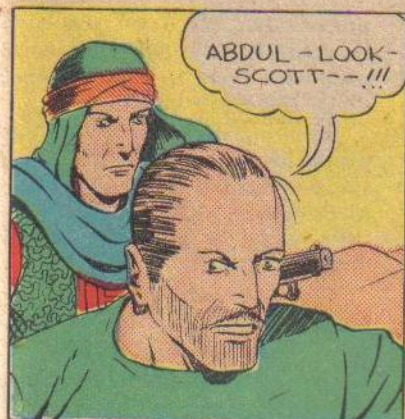


AND IN RESPONSE TO THE MESSAGE, ABDUL RIDES TO THE BRITISH POST --









TAKING CAREFUL AIM, THE BRIGAND SCOTT BEARS DOWN ON THE UNARMED MEN -



SCOTT IS ABOUT TO PULL THE TRIGGER -- HIS HORSE STUMBLES -- !



ABDUL RUSHES THE FALLEN THIEF --



NOW ABU, RIDE TO YOUR FATHER - TELL HIM YOU ARE INNOCENT - I WILL TAKE THIS DOG TO THE POLICE --



LATER, AT HEADQUARTERS -

HERE IS YOUR MAN, CAPTAIN - !!



NO, THIS UNWORTHY SON KIDNAPPED ABU - THEN, DISGUISED IN ABU'S CLOTHES, HE WENT OUT TO STEAL AND KILL -- ALWAYS LEAVING BEHIND A PIECE OF ABU'S CLOAK - TO MAKE HIM APPEAR GUILTY -- !!

HOW DID YOU FIND HIM - MY MEN SCoured EVERY INCH OF THIS DESERT AND COULD FIND NO HIDE-OUT -



- HE VERY CLEVERLY COVERED HIS TENT WITH SAND TO LOOK LIKE A DUNE -- AND NOW, CAPTAIN, I WILL BE OFF TO MY PEOPLE --



THE CLOUDBURST

By A. L. Allen

Part II

For all that anybody knew of Jim Mitchell, he was nothing more than a school teacher—a tutor to Carlos, the only son of Don Amancio, owner of the vast rancho. But Jim Mitchell was more than that. He had been sent out by the government to catch a band of smugglers who had been driving huge herds of horses across the Rio Grande and neglecting to pay the duty on them.

Jim gains the enmity of Pedro, the major-domo of the ranch. Pedro is about to cut off the tail of Chata (Carlos' dog) when Jim snaps the knife out of his hand with a long whip which he always carries.

From that time on Pedro has three enemies:—Jim, Carlos and Chata. For Carlos has learned that Pedro is the head of the band of smugglers.

Carlos goes with Jim up an old arroyo—a dry creek bed—to catch the gang as they are driving the horses up in the hills to a hide-away. As they follow at a safe distance, Jim hears the roar of waters. There has been a cloudburst up in the hills and the water is pouring down in torrents into the narrow gorge of the creek.

The walls are high and difficult to scale. Rather than save himself, Jim prefers to stay and try to save Carlos too. Their only hope is to go back until they reach a spot where the walls are low enough to climb.

As they turn back, Jim feels that they are doomed. Thinks that they will inevitably be caught in the stampede of the maddened horses or drowned in the rushing water.

"Maestro, Maestro Jeem," Carlos called, "Pinto, he is tire. I ride him very hard tonight. I think it better you go on alone."

Jim pulled in his horse; slowed to keep pace with the

pinto.

"Mine's tired too, but we'll make it."

His mind was working like a trip-hammer. They'd never make it to the lowlands now. Something had to be done, and done fast. But WHAT? There didn't seem to be any answer. Suddenly he thought—Carlos had told his father the route—told him where they were headed. Even now he and his men were bringing help. BUT . . . he was supposed to meet Jim much further up the creek.

A ray of hope! Perhaps Don Amancio and his men had not gotten far up the creek as yet.

Almost before the thought was fully formed, Jim acted. Drawing his revolver, he shot into the air three times—waited a few moments, and shot again—three times. If Don Amancio would only hear! Jim could hear nothing but the roar of the fast-approaching water and the hurrying, flying hooves of the squealing horses. But . . . yes . . . something else *could* be heard! An answering shot . . . three of them. Don Amancio had heard! Soon again . . . three more—closer this time.

Jim looked back. Through the dimness of the clouded moon, horses . . . could almost feel their breath. And he knew that close behind them—already closing in on the straggling horses—was a solid wall of water . . . a great roaring wall, all-engulfing!

Just then, almost directly above his head, Jim could see dim figures of men—mounted men. Heard the cry of Amancio: "Carlos! Carlos! Are you there, my son? Jim! Is Carlos with you?"

Jim roared his answer. Could not tell if he was heard. He strained his eyes, trying to pierce the gloom. He could hear mingled voices yelling but could not

understand. High on the bank he could see the figures, keeping pace with them as they galloped down the creek bed.

Grabbing the reins of the tired pinto, he pulled both horses up short—crowded them over close to the canon wall.

"A rope! A rope!" he yelled. "Drop a rope!"

The mad herd of horses was close behind them now. A few were already rushing past.

Then—almost without seeing, almost by sense of touch alone, Jim found the rope that had been dropped from above. Quickly, with deft skill, he knotted it around Carlos, just below his arm-pits.

"Pull!" he shouted. And just as he saw Carlos being lifted to the top of the wall and safety, he jumped—jumped just in time—grabbed for the gnarled twisted stump of a huisache tree growing low down on the bank. He could hear the confusion of voices up above. Voices calling—yelling . . . "The rope! Another rope! Another rope! Catch it!"

He let go his precarious hold with one hand and groped in the dark. He felt the roots of the old huisache giving way, felt them slipping, but now . . . NOW! Safe in his other hand was the rope as his feet dangled and his body lurched into space. Tightly he clung and was slowly hauled up.

"Whee-ugh!" he whistled, as his shaking legs settled on firm ground. "That was a pretty tight squeak." And his voice was none too steady as he managed a laugh.

With a few quick explanations to Don Amancio, he hopped on a horse that one of the ranch hands turned over to him, and the group started back up the creek. Don Amancio brought up the rear, for his horse now carried the double burden of Carlos.

Jim figured that Pedro and his men had probably done just what he himself would have done had it not been for Carlos—climb up the steep bank to safety.

They had not gone far when they heard a movement in the

brush. Then, close at hand, a shot.

"Scatter, men! Scatter!" Jim commanded, and stopped his horse behind a thick clump of mesquite.

From behind the screening leaves of the mesquite, Jim could see swift moving shadows as his men "scattered" to cover. But a strange silence reigned. There were no more shots . . . no noise of any kind. Nothing but the distant roar of the waters still rushing down the creek.

What did it mean? Jim listened intently. Then he poked his arm around the brush and fired in the general direction from which the single shot had come. No answering fire, and yet, Jim was positive that he could hear a movement behind that near-by bush.

The light was brightening a little. He could see more clearly. But still the fusillade of shots did not come. Jim was mystified. He did not want to call to Amancio or his men, because that would disclose their positions to the enemy.

Then, he heard another movement behind that bush. Faintly, he could make out a form . . . a slinking form, crawling low under the protecting brush—going in the opposite direction. Risking everything, Jim stood up in his stirrups, sighted his gun at the figure and called: "Stop or I'll shoot!"

The crawling figure paused, but it did not stand nor answer. Just then, like a streak of dim white light a second figure—a flying figure shot in front of Jim and directly toward the crouching man . . . CHATA! She must have followed Don Amancio in search of Carlos. Now Jim knew that the crouching figure was Pedro—Chata's enemy, as well as his own.

Jim could almost feel the hatred in the dog . . . knew that she was out to kill. She would go right for Pedro's throat.

"Down, Chata! Down!" Jim shouted, as he jumped off his horse and dashed from behind the brush.

But Chata paid no heed. Here

was her mortal enemy, brought to bay, and she would not be denied. Like a flash Jim realized that something had to be done and done fast if Pedro was to be saved, and yet—he could not bring himself to shoot Chata.

As his hand holstered his revolver, it struck against the whip—that long whip which hung always at his belt—the whip that, in his hands, could become as deadly a weapon as a gun.

With speed almost as great as Chata's, he was bounding toward the now running Pedro. The whip was in his hand now—loose—ready. Suddenly Pedro stopped. Jim saw his right arm raise . . . saw him aim his gun at Chata, but his finger never

were too scared to think about climbing the banks—the horses got the rest."

Riding back to the ranch, Carlos looked over at Jim and said:

"Maestro, since you are what they call the G Man, then you will go back to Was-in-ton. You will no longer stay on the rancho and be the teacher of me—no?"

Jim could feel the sadness in his voice—he could feel a little in his own heart.

"We-e-ll, Carlos," he drawled, "you see, I'm not a regular G Man. They only call me in on special cases every now and then. Maybe there won't be another one for a long time . . . if Don Amancio has no objections,



touched the trigger. Jim's whip was quicker.

In a split-second Pedro's gun was on the ground and Pedro was lying close beside it—Chata had brought her enemy to earth. But this time, she obeyed the command "to hold" and stood, growling in her throat, feet firmly planted above the prostrate and terrified Pedro.

"Call her off! Call her off! Madre de Dios, Mitchell! Call this beast off! I give up! I give up!"

By this time Don Amancio and his men had gathered round.

"Where are the rest of your gang, Pedro? Jim asked.

"Gone," replied Pedro. "The flood got some of them—they

I'd like to stick around and see that you and Chata don't get into any more trouble."

Don Amancio leaned over and put his hand on Jim's shoulder.

"Friend and comrade," he said, "you have saved my son's life. It would be a great honor if you would stay and teach my son to become as fine a man as you are."

"As we say in Mexico—my house is yours. Always it will be so. My home is your home as long as you care to remain."

THE MASTER OF MU
starts in the January issue of
SMASH COMICS
on sale November 17th.

CAPTAIN COOK

OF SCOTLAND YARD

COOK HAS BEEN DETAILED TO A SMUGGLING CASE... WE FIND HIM ROWING FROM THE SHORES OF LONDON AT MIDNIGHT...

MY INSTRUCTIONS ARE, TO BOARD THIS FREIGHTER 'YARMOUTH' --



I'VE GOT TO REACH THAT DECK SOMEHOW!



NOW- TO MAKE MY WAY TO THE HOLD!



DOWN WITH THE CARGO, COOK EXAMINES A SHIPMENT OF LINEN... AND FINDS SOMETHING ELSE! WHAT? THIS IS A SURPRISE!



OKAY, SHERLOCK! YA GETTIN' YER EYES FULL?

OH-- OH!



IF I CAN'T CATCH YA, MAYBE THAT WILL!

WOW! WHAT A CLOSE SHAVE THAT WAS!



AFTER LEAPING INTO THE WATER, COOK SWIMS TO SHORE...

TAKE ME TO THE CHESTER HOTEL, QUICK!

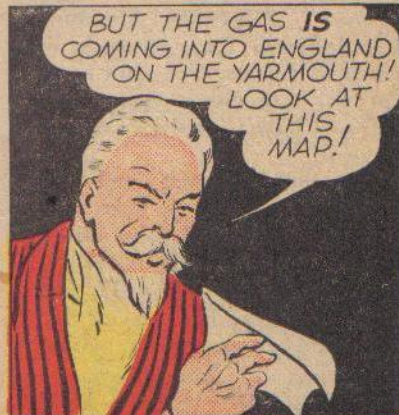
RIGHTO!



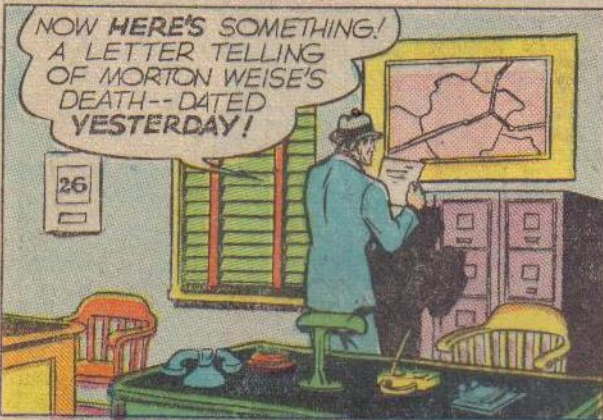
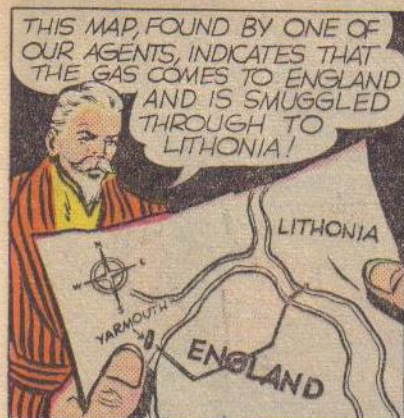
HELLO, CHIEF? SOMEONE CHASED ME OFF THE YARMOUTH... I HAD TO SWIM BACK! CAN YOU MEET ME AS SOON AS I CHANGE TO DRY CLOTHES?

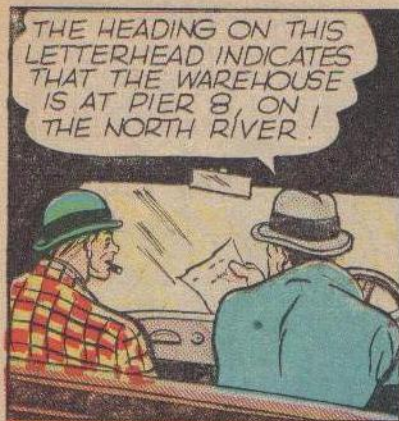


--AND I COULDN'T FIND A SINGLE TRACE OF THE EXPLOSIVE GAS THAT BOAT IS SUPPOSED TO BE CARRYING!



BUT THE GAS IS COMING INTO ENGLAND ON THE YARMOUTH! LOOK AT THIS MAP!







FLASH FULTON

by Paul Gustavson

HELEN, THAT DAM HAS ME WORRIED!

OH, HUSH UP JOHN! MAYOR DILLON TOLD US THERE'S NO DANGER!

AS AN EXCITED STEEL WORKER AND HIS WIFE MEET THE TOWN'S MAYOR AT A DANGEROUSLY FILLED DAM---

NO--??! IF THAT WATER HITS THE STEEL MILL, IT'LL BLOW EVERYONE IN IT TO KINGDOM COME!

STOP WORRYING! THAT DAM WILL HOLD TEN TIMES AS MUCH WATER AS IS IN IT! I SHOULD KNOW—I BUILT IT!

WELL, MAYOR, I JUST HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT!

HOP IN AND I'LL GIVE YOU FOLKS A LIFT HOME THROUGH THIS AWFUL STORM--

OH-- SURE -- THANKS, MAYOR!

YOU SURE GOT A MESS OF PAPERS BACK HERE!

JUST A FEW THINGS I WANT TO CHECK OVER AT HOME!

GOOD NIGHT, FOLKS! MAYOR DILLON! ONE OF YOUR PAPERS JUST FELL OUT AND---

THE MAYOR LETS THE MAN AND WOMAN OUT, AND SPEEDS AWAY-----

GOLLY!! HE SURE DROVE OFF IN A HURRY!

LOOK AT THIS!! IT'S A LETTER TO WASHINGTON ASKIN' FOR MONEY TO BUILD A NEW DAM!!

AS THE STEEL WORKER GLANCES AT THE PAPER HE IS JOINED BY A PASSING NEIGHBOR----

BUT-- WE JUST GOT A NEW DAM HERE!

HEY!! IT'S DATED THIS WEEK! THAT DOESN'T SOUND RIGHT! HMM----

WHILE UP AT THE DAM'S HEAD...

WHAT'S KEEPIN' THAT MAYOR SO LONG?!

HERE COMES A CAR NOW! MAYBE IT'S HIM!

WHAT TH'-- A CAMERAMAN!!

YES-- FULTON'S THE NAME! BUT JUST CALL ME 'FLASH'!!



MIND IF I TAKE A FEW SHOTS OF THE DAM HERE FOR A SERIES ON FLOOD CONDITIONS?

THERE AIN'T NO FLOOD, B-BUT---



NOT AT ALL! YOU CAN TAKE AS MANY PICTURES AS YOU WANT!

OKAY, ANDY— SET THE SOUND- TRACK FOR NINE INCHES TO A SECOND!



CAN YOU GIVE ME A HAND DOWN TO THAT LEDGE?

SURE — WE'D BE GLAD TO!

AND THE QUIET SOUND TRACK IS NOW PICKING UP THE SMALLEST SOUND.



LOOK OUT—!! I'VE LOST MY FOOTING!



LOSING HIS GRIP, FLASH PLUNGES INTO THE ROARING WATER BELOW THE DAM



OF ALL THE SCATTER-BRAINED IDIOTS! GUESS I'LL HAVE TO FISH HIM OUT OF THE RIVER NOW!

HURRY UP!



IF HE DIDN'T HIT THE ROCKS AN' GET KILLED, HE'LL PROBABLY DROWN!

FUNNY THING HOW I SLIPPED!! HA-HA!!

NEARBY, THE SOUND APPARATUS RECORDS EVERY WORD THE TWO MEN ARE SAYING....



AT FULL SPEED, ANDY TEARS DOWN THE SLIPPERY ROAD FROM THE DAM. SUDDENLY, THE HEAVY CAR DRIVEN BY MAYOR DILLON ROUNDS THE CURVE IN FRONT OF HIM....



THE MILL WHISTLE WILL BLOW IN A MINUTE!! I HAD BETTER HURRY OR I WON'T REACH THE DAM BEFORE ---E-E-E-OW!! WE'LL CRASH!!



I'VE SEEN BAD DRIVERS— BUT YOU TAKE THE CAKE, MISTER!

GET ME OUT OF HERE! HURRY!!



B-R-R-R-R! I NEVER THOUGHT I'D BE TAKING PICTURES THIS WAY! BOY— BUT IT SURE MAKES A SWELL SUBJECT!

THERE—THE CHARGE IS SET AND IN TEN SECONDS, UP BLOWS THE DAM JUST AS THE MILL WHISTLE GOES OFF!! SOUND THE ALARM, AL---



THE ALARM—!! THE DAM'S GIVING 'WAY! LEMME OUT OF HERE!



THE ALARM! WE'LL BE KILLED BY THE WATER! C'MON—UP THIS BANK!



LUCKY THING I GOT HOLD OF THIS TREE! SAY—WHAT ARE YOU ALL RUNNING OUT OF THE MILL FOR?



A SECOND LATER, THE BLARE OF THE MILL WHISTLE IS HEARD AND AT THIS MOMENT THE DAM BURSTS!!



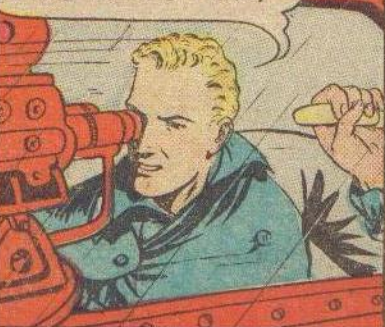
GET OUT OF HERE, FOOL!! SAY—CAN YOU START THAT LOCOMOTIVE, BUDDY? WHEN THE WATER HITS THOSE FURNACES IT'LL BE TOO BAD!



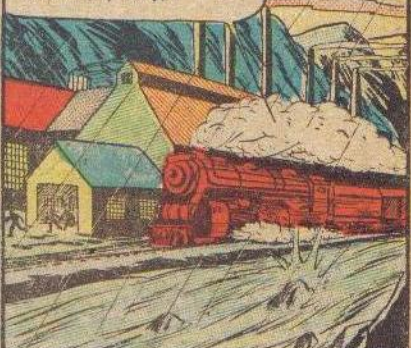
NOT ME! I'M GETTIN' OUTA HERE!! IF I COULD ONLY GET THAT TRAIN IN FRONT OF THE MILL, IT WOULD ACT AS A BREAK-WATER!



AH—SHE'S MOVING!! C'MON, BABY—LET'S SEE SOME SPEED NOW!



JUST A FEW FEET MORE, AND---



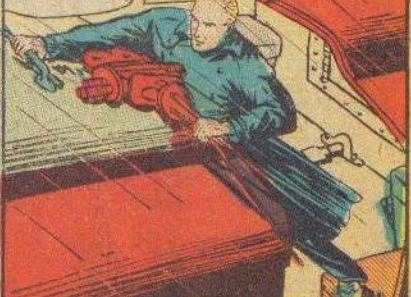
AS THE ENGINE NOSES PAST THE MILL, THE WATER HITS THE SIDE OF THE TRAIN----



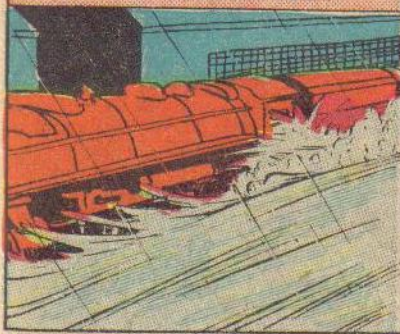
—AND THE MAD TORRENT IS DEFLECTED FROM THE MILL--- FLASH'S IDEA HAS WORKED!



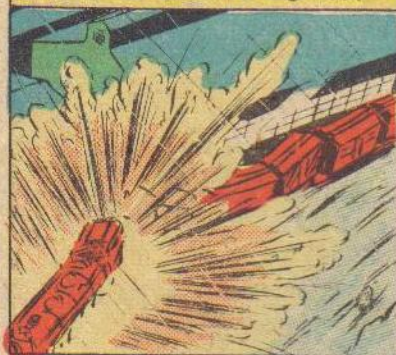
I'D BETTER GET OUT OF THIS ENGINE CAB BEFORE THE WATER HITS IT!



A MOMENT LATER, THE WATER STRIKES THE HOT FIRE-BOX OF THE LOCOMOTIVE.



IN A DEAFENING BLAST THE ENGINE IS DESTROYED



HE GAVE HIS LIFE TO SAVE US! POOR FELLOW!! NO — LOOK!! HE'S ON TOP OF THE TRAIN TAKIN' PICTURES! GET ME A LONG ROPE!



WE OWE OUR LIVES TO YOU!! SKIP IT! I GOT THE SCOOP OF THE YEAR!



LOOK-WHAT D'YOU THINK OF THIS LETTER? TH' MAYOR DROPPED IT!! WOW! MAYBE THIS IS WHY THOSE MEN UP AT THE DAM ACTED SO QUEERLY! COME ON—I'M GOING TO ASK SOME QUESTIONS!



--AND ALL MY PERSONAL PAPERS BURNED IN THE AUTO CRASH! FINE — FINE!! BUT THE DAM — IT WAS SO SUDDEN! I—I CAN'T QUITE UNDERSTAND IT—!?



MEANWHILE, MAYOR DILLON AND ANDY HAVE REACHED THE DAM....

L-LOOK — THAT CAMERAMAN!! W-WHY, IT C-CAN'T BE!! FLASH!!



ER—MAY I SEE THAT LETTER? WE WANT AN EXPLANATION, AN' A GOOD ONE, MR. MAYOR!!



LOOK OUT—! WHY— IT BLEW THE LETTER, ITS---! RIGHT OUT OF MY HANDS!



YOU DID IT PURPOSELY! IT WAS OUR REAL EVIDENCE AGAINST YOU!! HECK! MY SOUND MACHINE'S BEEN GOING ALL ALONG AND I'VE RUN OUT OF TAPE----



NO YOU DON'T— THAT SOUND MACHINE MAY TELL SOME VERY INTERESTING THINGS, MY FRIEND!



--AND THAT CROOKED MAYOR AND HIS PALS ARE SAFELY IN JAIL— THANKS TO A FORGETFUL SOUND MAN, EH, ANDY?! WHAT D'YOU MEAN FORGETFUL?? I LEFT THAT SOUND TRACK TURNED ON PURPOSELY!



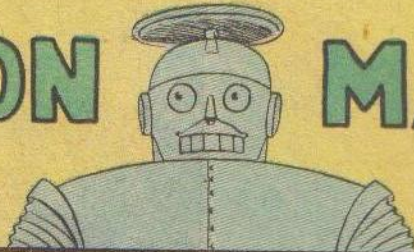
HUGH HAZZARD

AND HIS

IRON MAN

by

WAYNE REID.



WE'LL HAVE TO CUT THIS SHORT, PAT-- SOMEONE'S AT THE DOOR--



BE CAREFUL, HUGH-- FOR MY SAKE-- PLEASE--

OKAY, DARLIN-- I WILL-- GOOD BYE--



MISTER HAZZARD?-- I AM HERMAN WEIZER, AN ATTACHE OF THE LATAVIAN GOVERNMENT--

COME IN--



I WILL BE BRIEF-- MY COUNTRY IS PREPARED TO PAY YOU TWO MILLION DOLLARS FOR YOUR IRON MAN FIGHTING MACHINE-- WILL YOU ACCEPT?



I'M SORRY, OLD MAN-- BUT "BOZO" ISN'T FOR SALE--

FIVE MILLION DOLLARS!



NOT AT ANY PRICE--

PERHAPS YOU WILL RECONSIDER OUR OFFER-- MAYBE??



I DON'T THINK SO, MR. WEIZER--

VERY WELL-- GOOD DAY, MR. HAZZARD--



A FEW MINUTES LATER, WEIZER ARRIVES AT A MID-TOWN HOTEL--

ANY LUCK, HERMAN?

NO-- HE WOULD NOT FALL FOR THAT DIPLOMATIC STUFF--!



ARE THE OTHERS HERE?

YES, WE HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU--



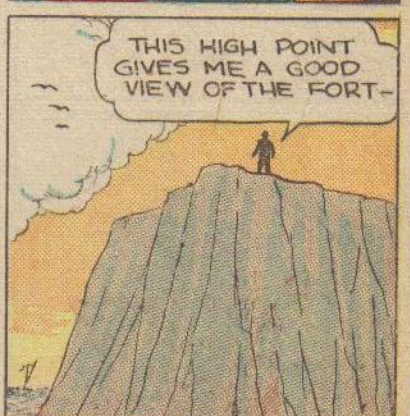
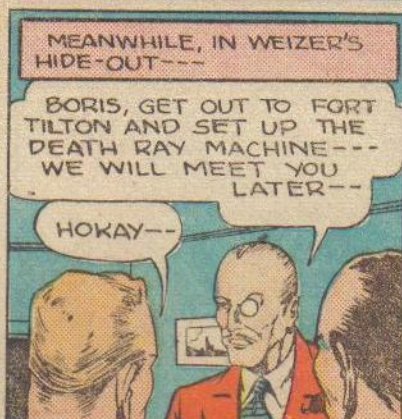
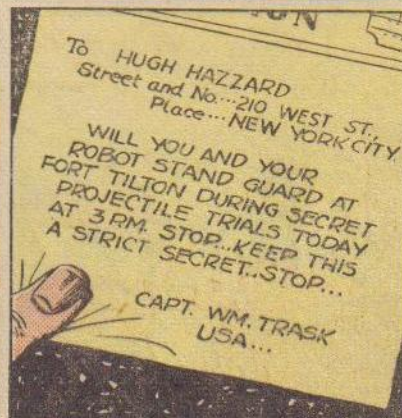
WERE YOU SUCCESSFUL-- HOW MUCH DID HE ACCEPT?

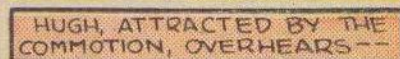
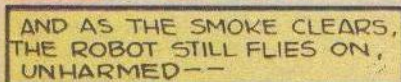
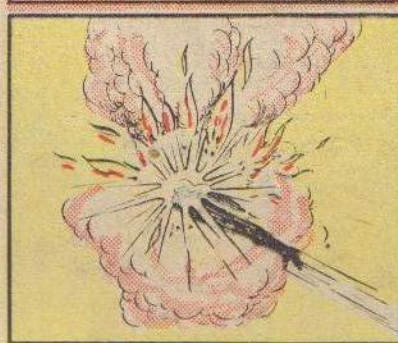
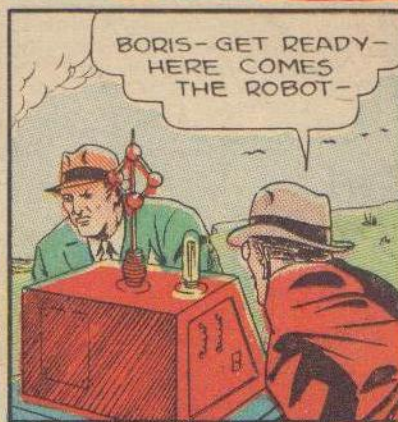
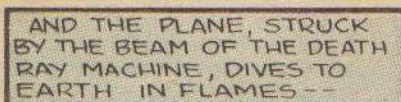
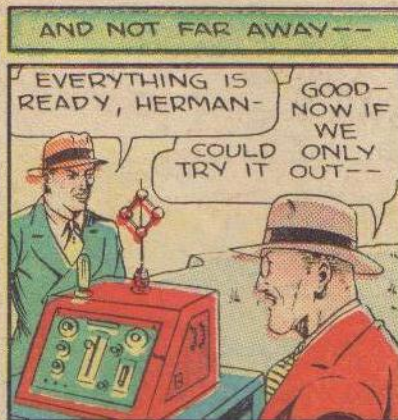
BE SEATED, GENTLEMEN-- AND I WILL TELL YOU ALL--

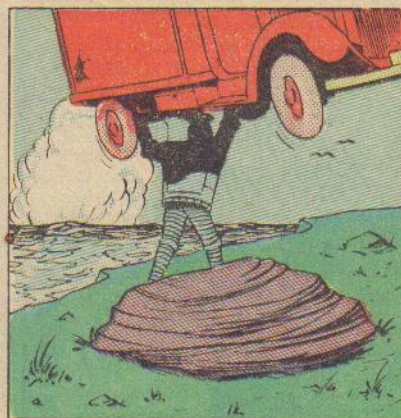
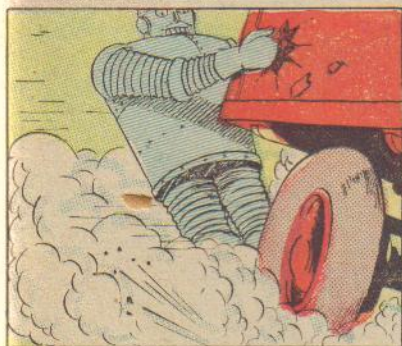
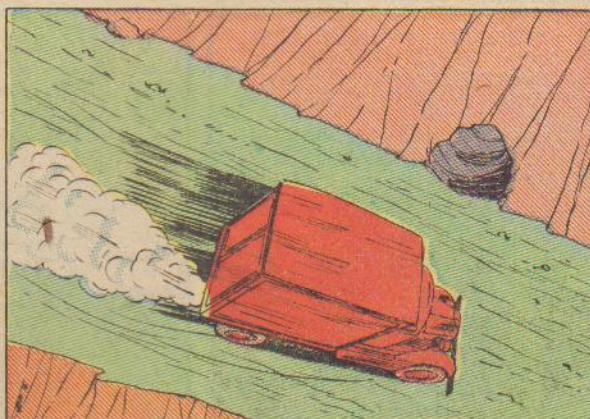
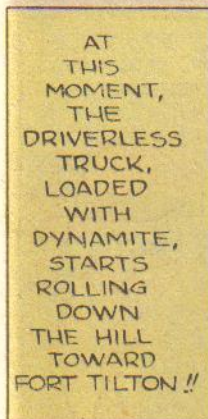




A HALF HOUR LATER, AT HUGH HAZZARD'S HOME--









TAKE HIM TO THE ABANDONED MINE--YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO--AND MEET ME LATER---



OH--MY HEAD-- WHERE AM I--??



AH--THEY HAVEN'T FOUND THE CONTROL BOARD UNDER MY COAT LAPEL--- BOZO--- HURRY--!



HE'S AWAKE, BORIS--I CAN HEAR HIM MUMBLING TO HIMSELF--

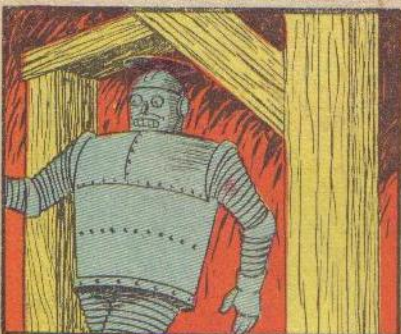


SO-- YOU ARE AWAKE NOW-- WELL-- WHEN WE LEAVE YOU WILL GO BACK TO SLEEP---FOREVER---



--I AM GOING TO SET OFF A CHARGE THAT WILL BURY YOU UNDER TONS OF EARTH--YOU AND YOUR IRON MAN HAVE MEDDLED IN OTHERS' AFFAIRS FOR THE LAST TIME--!

MEANWHILE, BOZO APPROACHES THE ROOM WHERE HUGH IS HELD---



BORIS, LOOK!!

LET US GET OUT OF HERE, QUICKLY--!!



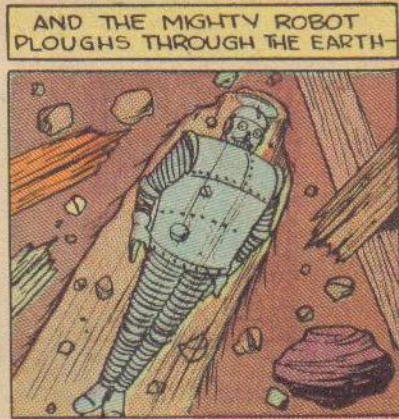
NEVER MIND THEM-- UNTIE ME-- BOZO---



NOW, TO GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THEY---



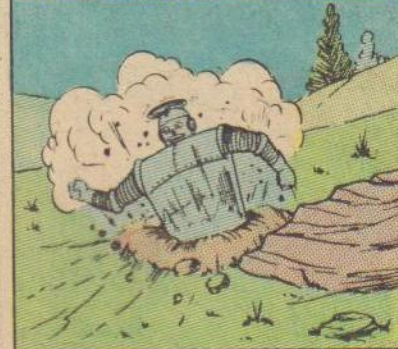
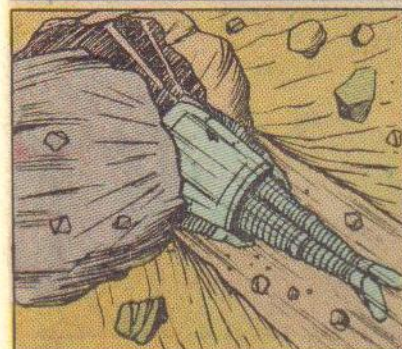
AND TONS OF EARTH ENTOMB HUGH AND HIS IRON MAN---!!



--SPLITTING BOULDERS LIKE EGG-SHELLS ---!

--AND POPS THROUGH TO THE SURFACE ---

-A MINUTE LATER HUGH ARISES AND SEES ----



A HALF HOUR LATER, HUGH COMES THROUGH A WINDOW OF WEIZER'S APARTMENT -



WHEN SUDDENLY----

DON'T MOVE, MR. HAZZARD!



I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU DID TO MY FRIENDS, BUT YOU CAN BE SURE NO ONE WILL EVER KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU--!



BOZO-- HURRY--!!

GO AHEAD-- CALL THAT THING--!



-WHEN I TURNED THAT LIGHT SWITCH ON, STEEL DOORS AND SHUTTERS CLOSED AUTOMATICALLY-- GO AHEAD, CALL-- I LIKE TO HEAR YOU YELL--!



FASTER-- BOZO--!!

HA,HA--- HAVE YOU ANYTHING TO SAY BEFORE I KILL YOU?



YES-- BOZO, HE'S RIGHT IN FRONT OF ME-- GRAB-- HIM--!



AND THE ROBOT'S POWERFUL ARM COMES THROUGH THE WALL ---!!

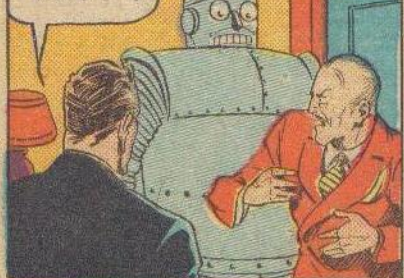


STOP! - I'M CHOKING---

LET UP, BOZO--!



THAT'S ENOUGH, BOZO--WE'LL LET UNCLE SAM TAKE CARE OF THIS GUY AND HIS PAL BORIS--!



ONE HOUR LATER, IN THE OFFICE OF CAPT. TRASK--

YES, THIS IS CAPTAIN TRASK--

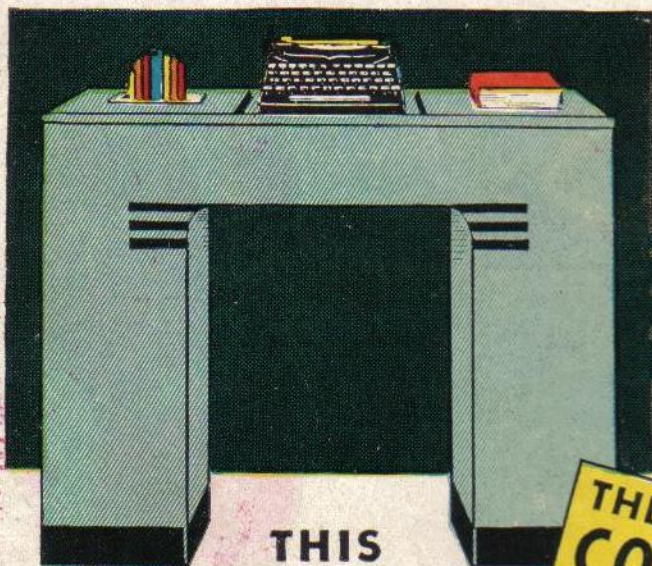
I'M HUGH HAZZARD--



-I'M SENDING TWO SPIES TO YOU TO STAND TRIAL FOR THE MURDER OF THAT AVIATOR WHO WAS KILLED TODAY NEAR FORT TILTON--YES--AND WITH A LITTLE PRESSURE THEY'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT-- AND A LOT MORE-- GOOD BYE, CAPTAIN---



Follow Hugh Hazzard and Bozo in the January issue of SMASH COMICS.



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**GEE, DAD,
IT'S A
COLUMBIA-BUILT
BIKE!**

**SURE THING!
IT'S THE KIND
I WANTED
MOST! THEY'VE
BEEN TOPS
FOR 60 YEARS!**

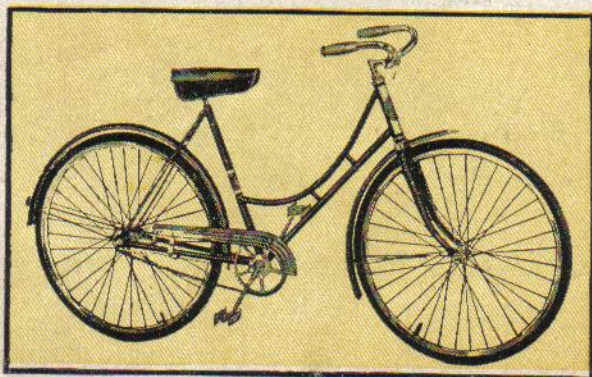


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